The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 9, 1883. NO. 45.

John Wanamaker's Advertisement.

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at $2.25. These are all black. The colors are $2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always $1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at $1.50.

Half-wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suiting, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same at $1.00.

Another in stripes at 65 cents. Not dear at $1.00.

A quality of Lupin's Cashmere for 50 cents (all wool). The new tariff will prevent this quality from ever again selling at this price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's Hair, 46 inches wide, at 60 cents.

A good 36-inch all-wool Cashmere at 40 cents.

An excellent Black Cashmere, all-wool, a yard wide, at 45c.

A very few much admired Embroidered Robes at one-third off of usual price.

A Bleached Muslin, full yard wide, for 10c. The best we ever had at that price.

The best Twilled, All-Wool Red Flannel we ever sold for 25c.

The best Canton Flannel for 12½c. We never could get so good a quality at the price before.

An extraordinary lot of Towels at 25c.

Eight lots of Ladies' and Children's Hose that are on our counters at 25 per cent. under prices.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $4.35.

172 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $3.25.

245 pairs Women's Curacoa Kid Button, $4.25.

186 pairs Women's French Kid Button, $5.00.

152 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, $1.25.

112 pairs Women's Kid Ties, $2.00.

110 pairs Women's French Kid Oxford Ties, $3.25.

141 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $3.25.

131 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $4.50.

150 pairs Women's French Kid Button Boots, $5.25.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for $25.
The same goods in Cherry for $28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at $1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes

are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not a full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often done. The expense being infinitely less—$25.

Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each, $2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street.

Market Street and New City Hall.

THE NEW

Real Estate, Exchange & Land Office

—OF—

SCOTT & COMPANY,

Next door to S. M. Reynolds & Co. and the Citizens' National Bank; near the TRANSCRIPT office.

Farms, Lands, Houses & Lots,

AND OTHER PROPERTY,

Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

Call on ABNER HITCHCOCK,
Manager, at the Office,
or Address, SCOTT & CO.,
sep.28-tf Middletown, Del.

50,000 Peach Trees for Sale,

OF THE BEST CANNING AND SHIPPING VARIETIES.

Among them is the

POOL'S ISLAND BEST,

A VALUABLE LATE PEACH.
TREES TRUE TO NAME, AND SELECTED FROM HEALTHY, GOOD-BEARING STOCK.

For reference will give Messrs. John Brice, Lankford; J. A. Groves, Pomona; Isaac Parsons, Worton Station, and as many more as may be desired. All Kent county, Md.

For Lists, Prices, &c., address
R. G. NICHOLSON,
Little Grove Nurseries,
sep.7-tf Chestertown, Kent county, Md.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet like a star,
  Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go.
  Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet—
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May.
  The swallows bent beneath the eaves;
  Like sunlight in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
  And o'er the porch the trembling vine
  Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of swinging birds,
And opening spring-time flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
  Came to this world of ours?

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay;
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
  So full of meaning pure and bright,
  As if she yet stood in the light
Of those open gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
  Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
  The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
  And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said dear Christ!—our hearts bent down
  Like violets after rain.
And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime,
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
  In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
  And in her features we could trace,
  In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came
But she was holy, saintly now:
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.
God's hand had taken away the seal
  That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
  Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key.
We could not touch her holy things;
  She was Christ's self in purity.
It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears
And all our thoughts ran into tears
  Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
  Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!
At last he came, the messenger,
  The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

Written for the Middletown Transcript.

LAUREL HILL.

During one of my rambles around Philadelphia I found myself in the vicinity of Laurel Hill, and having heard of the splendor and grandeur of its tombs and vaults, I determined to spend the afternoon in wandering about this cemetery; to explore this silent city; to wander through its quiet streets and lanes, and to try to realize what devastation death has wrought in this world.

The entrance to Laurel Hill is very striking. It is through a massive brown stone building, fronted by a portico supported by Doric columns. Inside the gate-way is a group of statuary representing a scene from Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Old Mortality." The rude sculptor is at his favorite task of restoring an inscription on a tombstone. Beside him is an open bible, and close by stands his old nag, looking at her master as if she knew what he was doing, and as if she approved of the work. Old Mortality has has paused from his labors and is talking to a man sitting close by. This person is, I suppose, the schoolmaster mentioned in the first chapter of the novel as saying, "The dead are only connected with us by the thought that they have once been what we now are and that, as their reliques are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation." Are not those whom we have laid beneath the sod connected with us by ties more powerful than these? Does death sever the tie of friendship? Can the mother cease to love the child when the cold earth is thrown upon it? O, no! God would never have permitted the ties of friendship and love to exist if they were to be severed by death. Those who sleep beneath are also connected with us by the thought that Christ died for them as well as for us. I never did admire "Old Mortality." Perhaps I misjudge this eccentric old Scotchman, but I think he would have conferred a greater benefit upon society had he remained at home and provided for his family instead of roaming over the country erecting and restoring tombstones that kept the minds of the aggrieved inflamed against the aggressors, instead of teaching them to forget and forgive and to love their neighbors as themselves. His wife, owing to the negligence of her spouse, had to support her children by teaching school. But if it were not for such personages where would be our delightful romances? Where would be the Ananias-like "Baron Munchausen," or the loquacious "Sancho Panza," or the morose Don Quixote?" But the cemetery is not the place to talk of romance. When we look around and see the grave—the final destiny of all—it is enough to put all romance to flight.

Many distinguished persons are buried in Laurel Hill. A small headstone marks the grave of General George G. Meade. It contains no account of the dangers, trials and stirring scenes through which he passed. He lies under the spreading branches of a large tree, whose boughs sing soft dirges when swayed by the gentle summer zephyrs and roar like booming canons when winter's blasts make them rock and toss. Isaac Hull also reposes here. What schoolboy was not filled with enthusiasm when reading or studying about the capture of the British frigate Guerriere by the frigate Constitution, commanded by Hull? His name only is inscribed on his tomb. Rest in peace, thou brave New England seaman.

In a remote part of the cemetery is the tomb of Elisha Kent Kane, the Columbus of the Arctic seas. His sepulchre is marked by no costly monument

"To keep from dead decay his lustrious fame."

The vault is hewn out of a solid rock, and the iron door contains no inscription—not even the name of the illustrious traveler. It seems sad that he should have been taken away at such an early age. Who knows but what he might have discovered a new land beyond the icy barrier of the frozen zone, or on the other side of that open polar sea? But the cold of the Arctic zone played sad havoc with his health, and when we thought the balmy air of Cuba would restore his strength, death—that powerful conqueror—wrapped his gloomy pall around him.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

These lines are deeply impressed upon our minds as we wander through Laurel Hill. Death is indeed no respecter of persons. An artist conceives a statue. He models it and fashions it until it bids fair to become a second Galatea, but ere he completes it death hustles him away. A poet breathes a song, but ere he has time to launch his thoughts upon the world death summons him. The man old in sin, the youth who is a credit to himself and to everyone, the old man well advanced on life's journey, and the little child that has not learned to lisp its sire's name are all his victims.

As I stood on the hill and looked down upon that sea of vaults and tombs, my heart sank within me. I felt like exclaiming,—

"O, death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love."

What a variety of tombs! Some artistically finished and others so rough that there is art displayed in their very rudeness. Anything to attract the attention of the passer by, and to keep from utter oblivion the memories of those who sleep beneath. But it is only for a short time at the most that the dead are remembered. The various faiths, hopes and charities seem to know this and their arms seem stretched so imploringly that one would not be surprised to hear them say, "For pity sake, a little notice!"

I like not this cold marble that enshrines the tombs of the rich. Rather let the grave be in the sunlight, where the dews of heaven can fall upon it, like the mercy of God upon a penitent soul. Let the grave bloom with flowers, reminding us of the life beyond the grave; as we bury the seed in the ground, and it springs up and beautifies the earth with its rich shades and hues, so shall we, after we have been laid in the grave, rise clothed in the splendor of an immortal life. The graves of the old Roman patricians attract no more attention than the lowly mound in an obscure corner of a country church-yard. 'Tis true the former has interested many an antiquarian, but the lowly mound so interested and imprested Thomas Gray that he wrote that beautiful poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard." I have already quoted one stanza from it and cannot refrain from quoting another—one that kept running in my mind the whole time I was in Laurel Hill:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

One of the most attractive monuments in the cemetery is the one erected over the grave of W. J. Mullen, the philanthropist known as the "prisoner's friend." The inscription on the monument tells of his virtues and how he justly won the title of "prisoner's friend." I will quote a portion of the inscription: "Through his efforts thousands of persons who were unnecessarily detained in custody obtained their release, and were restored to their friends and families. The good he has done is destined to perpetuate his name in the ages yet hidden in the womb of time, and to confer countless blessings upon the millions yet unborn." He predicted that in a not far distant period of time prisons would no longer be needed, and that fallen walls and rusting doors would only remain and attest to future generations the horrible places of torture in which their ancestors confined their fellow men. This sounds very fine and I trust it is probable. But as we improve in arts and civilization we seem to improve in the methods of committing crime. Never was the forger so skillful as he is now; never was counterfeiting so wonderfully like the genuine, and the treasurer can so fix his books that two and two make five. The monument is a striking portrayal of Mullen's prophesy. There are the crumbling walls and the broken door, and inside the cell is the abode of the owl and snake. Over the door-way is a touching representation of *Ecce Homo*, the sacred head of Christ pierced by the cruel thorns. On the prison steps is a woman weeping, and near her is this inscription, "A wretched outcast who with her child was reclaimed by him and restored to a life of usefulness." There is also a woman clinging to the cross, under which is inscribed:

"Woman—last at the cross,
First at the tomb."

The whole monument is surmounted by a life statue of Mullen.

In this changing world of ours we are certain of but one thing, and that is death. We are not even certain of a grave, but death will come to each one of us. What a shudder passes through the system at the very name of death! Is there anything men dread so much as the grave? Have a perfect trust in God, and love your fellow men, and you will

"——approach your grave.
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—LORENZ.

The Blue Blood Marriage.

It is most laughable to read the articles in the New York papers about the "blue blood" aristocracy, and the airs they put on over those who have made money by speculation or in manufacturing. The recent engagement of a son of Jay Gould to a daughter of one of the Astors has caused a new outbreak, the aristocracy which has "blood" to back it claiming that the girl is lowering herself by marrying a man whose money has been made in speculation, and who has not always been rich. The Astors are considered the leaders of blooded aristocracy, and the Goulds are considered as leaders of shoddy, whose money has not been handed down. The *Sun* has tried hard to fathom this mystery of blood, but its editor is not cut out for solving such problems. To a common, ordinary nine-spot, it looks queer to see the descendants of a man who traded in bad smelling, raw furs, by which the money was accumulated, putting on style over a young fellow whose money was made in buying and selling nice clean, sweet-smelling railroad stocks. If you look back to the time Jay Gould, the father of the coming bridegroom, was working in a tannery, or peddling tinware, you find an Astor, a blue-blooded Astor, spearing muskrats through a hole in the ice, skinning the game speared, and selling the pelt to make a seal skin cloak. If you are ashamed of Gould as a surveyor, how do you feel about an Astor going about in a canoe, through marshes, taking dead muskrats and minks from steel traps set the night before, and baited with liver? This girl who feels that she is lowering herself by marrying a man who made money by building and buying and wrecking railroads, would probably blush to see a picture of one of her ancestors, dressed in a buskckin shirt and pants, packing green hides from Green Bay to Milwaukee, and trading them for whiskey and salt pork, two rations of whiskey to one of pork. By investing skins in real estate on Manhattan Island the Astors got their wealth, but where did they get the "blood" we read about? The same blood is landed at Castle Garden every day from emigrant ships. All the emigrant of to-day has to do, is to take his short waitsed coat and high water pants away out west and catch rats, and make a fortune, and he can go back to New York and put on style over the star spangled American citizen, with as much gall as the Astors do now over the Goulds. The *Sun* holds that young Gould, an American citizen, lowers himself by an alliance with the descendants of a foreign rat trapper, and the "society" that holds the family of the foreign muskrat skin dealer above the family of a man who commenced with nothing and made a colossal fortune by the expenditure of brain power, is a sham, a fraud, a disgrace. There is not a man in all the West but knows enough to buy rat skins for a shilling and sell them for fifteen cents. That is not statesmanship, it is not science, it is not smartness. It is just common, ordinary business. But the man who can build railroads across a continent, open mines of coal and iron, and create a business that will bring a hundred fortunes, is a prince among rat trappers. When the son of a man who has made a hundred millions for himself, while he has paved the way for thousands of others to become rich, offered his hand in marriage to this girl, he very likely did it because he loved her, and if her aristocratic relations and friends had kept their mouths shut about her lowering herself by such an alliance, nothing would have been said about it, but it makes the blood of every honest American boil, to see these emigrants forget the muskrat pelts, which are the foundation of their fortune, and put on blue-blood airs over a young American citizen, one drop of whose blood has got more vinegar in it than a two quart pail full of the sluggish blood of the rat trapper. George Gould is hereby requested to break off the engagement until the trappers apologize for the insult they have offered his country.—*Peck's Sun.*

Didn't Agree.

"So your husband has given up smoking," chirped Mrs. Yeast, who had just been informed to that effect, to her neighbor Mrs. Crimsonbeak.

"Yes, he has actually given up smoking," replied the wife of the martyr, rather proudly. "You see it didn't agree with him."

"Didn't agree with him!" shouted Mrs Yeast in her surprise; "You don't mean to tell me that your husband gives up everything which he finds does not agree with him?"

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Yeast; that's exactly what I mean to tell you."

"Well, then," rejoined Mrs. Yeast, almost out of breath, "I expect to hear very soon that he has given you up, for I never knew you to agree with him!"

And this is why they meet as strangers now.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A PRETTY walking dress for a girl of fourteen is of soft green, gold and crimson plaid, made with a plaited skirt, and a jacket of dark green plush with a shoulder cape of the same.

From the French.

NINON'S PRINCE.

It was the siege of Paris. The Empress Eugenie had fled from the Tuileries, the provisional government had been organized under Trochu, Paris was in a state of wild alarm, and the Prussian armies were steadily making their way toward the city, investing one point after another, and rapidly cutting off all communication between the besieged city and the surrounding country. Winter was coming on, food and fuel becoming scarce; business was entirely suspended; boulevards were filled with idle, aimless loungers, gazing with sad and hungry eyes upon the long files of troops that marched before them. Into the quiet and aristocratic precincts of the Faubourg St. Honore the grim ghosts of famine and bloodshed had not made their way, and the luxurious entresol of the fashionable hotel where Ninon, the gay little Baronne de Valcour, took her abode during the gay Parisian winter, was all alight with sunshine. Ninon was leaning back in her cushioned fauteuille with the toes of her slippers extended toward the fire, and her head thrown back wearily, looking the very personification of ennui.

"Fifine, you bother me. Go away."

Fifine departs, but returns again in the space of two minutes.

"Madame, voici monsieur."

Madame turns her pretty little head and takes a comprehensive glance at the tall young officer in the uniform of the national guard.

"The Prussians have not eaten you up yet?" inquires Ninon, with a yawn that she does not take the smallest pains to conceal.

"Not yet. Would it be a great source of relief to madame if such an event were to take place?"

"Rather."

"Don't you care for me at all, Ninon?"

"Don't be silly, my child. Tell me what His Excellency General Trochu is about, and when you propose to stain that elegant uniform with Prussian gore."

"Poor Paris!"

The young officer sighed and shook his head.

"Paris is very nice—all but the Prussians; and no one is giving any parties. That annoys me."

"Ninon, are you really as heartless as you seem?"

"Just about. What do you want me to do?"

"Tell me you love me, Ninon, just a little."

"But I don't."

The boyish lips trembled, and a great wave of sorrow spread itself over the fair, fresh countenance. Then he knelt down by her side, and a single tear fell on the little hand that he stooped to kiss. "Ninon, Ninon, won't you love me?"

"You are a stupid boy, and you must go or I shall never eat my breakfast. You are a nice boy, Armand but you look as if you were going to cry."

"Ninon!"

The word sounded like a cry of pain. Then he kissed her hand again and turned to leave her.

"I shall not come again, Ninon."

Madame le Baronne disfigured her pretty lips with an incredulous little move, and the door closed upon her boyish lover.

Paris in a stage of siege—a city of 2,000,000 inhabitant surrounded by the the forces of a powerful enemy, and all supplies cut off! The streets were filled with a gaunt and hungry crowd of desperate men and desparing women.

The sounds of distress and suffering began to make themselves heard even in the luxurious quarters of the Faubourg St. Honore, where Ninon de Valcour wore out her days in wailing over the dullness and dreariness of the gay capital. The high prices demanded for all the necessaries of life began to exhaust even the princely De Valcour revenues. The establishment must be reduced, and Baroness Ninon awoke out of her long dream of luxury and laziness to face life for the first time seriously.

One among Ninon's friends was missing. The boyish form of the young officer, with his untarnished uniform and unused sword appeared no more among her guests. At first she smiled at his absence, then insensibly she began to watch for his coming, and as the days passed one after another, Ninon grew anxious.

It was the evening of the 24th of November. Ninon was sitting alone, when a quick hurried tread sounded behind the chair, and the clanking of a sword startled her.

"Armand!" she exclaimed, as she turned and encountered the excited glance of the young officer

"Yes, Ninon! At last Paris is aroused. To-morrow will be a grand sortie. With 100,000 men we shall leave Paris, march upon Champigny—on to Villiers. Ducrot has sworn to reenter Paris only victorous or dead. I have come to say good-bye. Before to-morrow night Prussian ball or bayonet may have quieted forever the heart that loves you so passionately. Kiss me, Ninon, and God bless you."

Ninon lifted the brown hair from the fair young forehead; a moment her lips rested there, and she murmured, "God bless you, my Armand!" And then he pressed her passionately against his heart and left her.

In the morning the troops were in motion. With stern and set determination, they moved forward, looking neither to the right nor left, lest the sorrowful faces of the women they loved should unnerve their hearts and unsteady their hands.

At the head of his company rode Armand de Rochecœur. He did not turn his head, but the hand that held the bridle rein shook as the heavy tread of his powerful horse bore him slowly on beyond the gaze of the bright eyes that looked down upon him.

Quietly Ninon watched him go. Steadily she watched his retreating form. A soft mist clouded her flashing eyes, and as the distance hid him further from view she murmured gently, "Armand, God watch over thee."

All day long, that terrible 30th of November, the incessant roar of cannon echoed back into the stillness of the city's streets. Paris held her heart in anguish. Outside the walls the sickening drama of battle with all its horrid accompaniments of tumult, noise and bloodshed; inside the no less horrible torture of suspense, as those left behind waited with blanched faces and bated breath for news from the scene of conflict.

Among the foremost in the strife on that terrible morning rode the boyish officer, Armand de Rochecœur. The pure blood of his Norman ancestry courses wildly through his veins to-day. France is his life, and he would give his life for France.

Early in the afternoon Champigny yielded to the passionate attack of the French troops. Amazed at their defeat, the Germans fell back to recover from their bewilderment produced by this almost their first reverse. Then, rallying from their surprise, reinforced by fresh troops, and protected by their batteries they fell upon the French with a sudden fury. With a wild feeling, half fury, half dispair, Armand saw the lines give way. "Cowards!" he muttered below his breath. Then turning suddenly to his men, he cried: "Courage! Will you go back to your women and tell them you fled from Prussian guns! On! on! Conquer or die like Frenchmen!"

Then he rode forward; but the terrified, panic-stricken men were deaf to his call, and suffered him to go alone. With his right arm uplifted he rushed toward the Prussian line.

Ninon has listened all day to the sound of that terrible cannonading, waited all night in frightened suspense for news from the scene of battle—for tidings of Armand de Rochecœur. In the morning no word had come. Dark circles have appeared under the brown eyes, and their brilliancy is all faded, gone out in that long night of watching. Restlessly Ninon paces the long salon. Finally a sudden impulse seizes her. "I will go and find him."

She finds him at last. As she approaches his bedside she trembles. She looks upon the white bandages that lie upon his eyes and shoulders. Then speaks to him, and the glad smile that flits across his lips reassures her. His single hand goes out to meet her, and he tries to speak. A warning gesture from the nurse attracts Ninon's attention, and she whispers: "Do not talk, Armand, you must get well first."

From an old soldier who watches over him Ninon learns the history of the sortie. As she listens to the story of how bravely the young soldier bore himself on that dreadful day, there is a look of newly found happiness in the brown eyes. Suddenly they fill with tears, and her lips murmur softly, "I have found him, the Prince."

The Sister of Charity comes and whispers softly and pityingly, "Madame, he will be blind."

"Armand, my love! God help you!"

Then she lifts her tear-stained face, lit up with its wonderful light of love and pity, and looking at the sympathetic countenance of the poor Sister, whisperes: "He shall see with my eyes."

The Sister looks into the depths of the lovely eyes raised to hers, and thinks: "He is not much to be pitied, the brave man."

Through long nights of fever and days of weary restlessness Ninon watches by her lover's bedside. Strength returns to the crippled body, but the sorrowful eyes always wear that helpless, vacant expression peculiar to the blind, and the strong right arm is represented by an empty sleeve.

He is not forbidden to speak now; and one day as he hears Ninon's footstep by his bedside, and the soft rustle of her dress as she bends over him, he says:

"You are always with me Ninon, are you not? or do I dream it?"

"I am always with you, Armand."

"What brings you here?"

"Because I love you, dear."

"Love me? But I am a cripple and blind."

"Yes, Armand. Your right arm and your eyes you have given to France. Will you give the rest to me?"

"Ninon!" and the left arm, the only one he has, draws her quickly and passionately to his side. Her soft breath plays against his cheek, and as his lips meet hers she whispers:

"Armand, my prince, I love you."

THE chestnut burr is a sweet boon to the chestnut. It is an oriental imitation of a cactus cluster, and not a very bad imitation, either. It lacks the native penetration of the cactus, the sort of "oh whisper what thou feelest" suggestiveness that lurks in the coy caress of the prickly pear; it does not work in so deep nor stay in so long, nor rankle around like the bitter memories of an over due note, as the clinging cactus does, but it isn't hawf bad. The man who kneels down on a chestnut burr, in the act of looking for a chestnut, is satisfied with the burr. He says what he has to say in a hurried tone of countenance, and does not ask for any more.—*R. J. Burdette.*

PURE MOCHA COFFEE.

The name usually provokes a smile, and yet incredible as it may appear, there is such a thing as Mocha coffee. Although those who should know say that it can be obtained at only two wholesale grocers in this city, while a call for it in a restaurant would be certain to be met with by looks of derision. Nine-tenths of the coffee consumed in the United States is from Brazil; last year our importations from that country were 389,947,000 pounds. This fact well illustrates the popularity of stimulating drinks in this country. Coffee has been a favorite beverage from the days when our forefathers drank it in London coffee-houses two centuries ago, and in the New World such resorts have been associated with some important events in our history. It was in a Whitehall Street coffee-house, it will be remembered, that the first non-importation agreement was signed here more than 100 years ago, and it was at the Tontine Coffee-House in Wall Street, in 1804, that the horror-stricken citizens first learned that Alexander Hamilton had fallen in a duel with Aron Burr.

At first expensive, it is now within the reach of all. In democratic America every class drinks it, and as a nation we consume more than any other people, and naturally there is a call for the best to be had. Of pure Mocha not more than 1,600,000 pounds are usually imported at New York in a year, and though the new penal code is said to be checking in a measure the adulteration of other kinds of coffee with chicory, beans and peas, or else compelling dealers to so label coffee containing these foreign ingredients that the buyer may know what he is purchasing, yet the mixing of Mocha coffee with various other descriptions is carried to such an extent that at least five times as much "Mocha" is sold as is actully imported—that is, while the imports are 1,600,000 pounds, the sales run up to 8,000,000 pounds. Curiously enough, while Americans think so much of Mocha, the English prefer Ceylon coffee, or what they term "Blue Mountain" Jamaica. Very little of either is consumed here. In Paris the wealthy classes try to procure Mocha, and succeed to some extent, though, in France, Ceylon, Jamaica and Rio are usually consumed. The Mocha received here comes from Aden by way of the Suez Canal, going first to London, and from there being shipped to this country. Aden merchants however, import coffee from both Rio de Janeiro and Santas—especially the peaberry Santas—and send it in many instances to foreign markets as Mocha, so that all the adulterating is not done by the unscrupulous Yankee.—*Exchange.*

Contributed to Middletown Transcript.

Notes and Comments.

The French who enlisted in the Madagascar war, hoping to be covered with glory, have enshrouded themselves in a miasmatic halo instead, and are joining the hallelujah chorus in celestial lands faster than the Quartermaster's department can care for their mortal remains. "O grave, where is thy victory!"—*Chicago Drovers' Journal.* Their methods of sensational exit having been nearly exhausted, this new way will be a refreshing change to the majority.

A recent runaway couple were married on a railway train, and were thus expressed to endless realms of eternal bliss—or within the jurisdiction of a divorce court. We hope it will be long before discord whistles "down brakes," blows the danger signal, or rings the interminable bell at perilous crossings. —*Chicago Sun.* Ten chances to one, however, the "crossings" will be reached before the year ends, when the better half asks, as she doubtless will, for a $500 sealskin, or that lovely diamond set which she saw at the jeweler's the other day.

When a young man takes a St. Louis girl out for a little moonlight stroll around the borders of the town, then accompanies her back to the paternal mansion, he has scarcely settled himself on a divan for an evening's restful repose, when the female head of the household enters, and at once proceeding to business, enquires as to the hopeful youth's intentions, present state of finances and future prospects. If the category of questions is not answered satisfactorily and according to Hoyle, and the old lady's liking, the visitor is politely invited not to call again.—*Chicago Sun.* When the majority of the young men take their St. Louis girls "out for a little moonlight stroll" we should infer that they didn't come "back" at all, if we may judge by the number of S. L. g's that are unaccountably missing every few days.

It was Alfred Tennyson who wrote the beautiful, pathetic pastoral descriptive poem so familiar to all, the first lines of which read, "Old John Brown, he had a little Injun." It is a matter of tradition that this masterly Tennyson lyric netted the enormous sum of eleven cents a line. At first Mrs. Victoria thought six cents a line was about the right thing; but when she read adown the verses, and appreciated their rare beauties, and the rapidity with which Mr. Brown scooped in the young papooses, she soon settled upon eleven cents, as the proper price.—*Chicago Drovers' Journal.* If we received the information rightly from headquarters, there seems to have been a mistake all around. The John Brown lyric didn't suit her, and she sent Walesy, her son, to bargain for another poem, but, as she only gave him a shilling, her son could make no bargain with Tenny's son, and the result is now a Brown study on her part.

The Transcript

W. SCOTT WAY, Editor & Proprietor.

$2 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention. Address all communications to the Proprietor.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 9, 1883.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION!

STATE OF DELAWARE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
DOVER, Nov. 7, 1883.

Desiring that the people of this State, shall in a becoming manner and in obedience to a time honored custom, manifest by a public expression their gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the universe for the countless mercies graciously bestowed during the year now drawing to a close, I, Charles C. Stockley, Governor of the State of Delaware, do hereby designate

THURSDAY, the 29th of November,

As a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

The bountiful harvests, the rich yield of fruits, rewarding the labors of the husbandman, the material development and increasing prosperity apparent throughout the borders of our Commonwealth, must awaken renewed feelings of devout acknowledgment to the Giver "of every good and perfect gift."

I do therefore recommend that on the day above set apart, the people abstain from the pursuit of their secular affairs and assemble in their usual places of worship, there to unite in praise and homage to Almighty God for the many benefits vouchsafed in the past and to humbly implore His richest blessings upon them for the future.

In witness thereof, I hrve hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State of Delaware to be affixed [L. S.] at Dover this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty three.

By the Governor,
CHARLES C. STOCKLEY.
WILLIAM F. CAUSEY, *Secretary of State.*

IF Ben Butler was not killed on Tuesday he was pretty badly winged.

ABOUT everybody, save Ben Butler and Boss Mahone, is able to draw some comfort from the results of the late election.

THERE ARE strong surface indications that the two factions of the Republican party of Pennsylvania have kissed and made up.

SOME MEN who were candidates for office last Tuesday may not be as happy as they were a week ago, but they know a great deal more.

A RIOT occurred in Danville, Virginia, on Saturday evening, between white men and negroes. Two of the whites and four of the negroes were killed and a number were wounded.—The disturbance resulted from an incendiary speech of a Mahone candidate for the State Senate.

LORD COLERIDGE has an income of $400,000 a year and a brand of cigarettes has been named for him. The lord business pays better in money and fame than editing a country newspaper. We will trade the TRANSCRIPT for a lordship in good repair with an income of not less than $400,000 attached.

FIRE destroyed one hundred thousand dollars worth of property in the village of Willoughby, Ohio, last Friday. A day or two before, the greater part of the village of Wonewoc, Wisconsin, was burned. Neither of these villages had effective fire apparatus.—Maybe they had some Yankee buckets and an old set of Town Meeting antifire resolutions.

GOVERNOR STOCKLEY'S Thanksgiving proclamation is printed in the TRANSCRIPT this week. Blessings have certainly been showered upon Delaware during the year that is fast going away from us, and we ought to feel very thankful all around. We have had bountiful crops, have been blessed with health and have had no cyclones, floods, big fires or State election. True, the base ball fever has raged in some localities, but we cannot let that count as much against the many blessings and benefits that a kind Providence has given us.

AN EXCHANGE says that "a man in New York State while sawing up some fire wood found in one stick a hole entirely covered with bark and containing five $10 gold pieces, two $20 pieces and a lot of smaller coins." We don't believe it. The item was probably started by some father of a boy who refuses to saw fire wood between meals. We have seen the time when the chances of finding twice that much money in that way would'nt induce us to break our back with a wood saw, and a little of that same old feeling hangs to us yet.

THE BUSINESS of train robbing continues to pay pretty well in the West, and the robbers don't seem to run much risk. A few days ago, at an early hour of the morning, four men entered a passenger train near Danville, Illinois, and, with drawn revolvers, persuaded the passengers to give up about $1200 in cash and some watches. Then the robbers got off at Danville, boarded a train on another road and relieved its occupants of about $800. Now and then a train robber in the West is caught and punished, but the authorities seem to try to not let it happen often. After awhile each train robber will have his own special route, and will make two or three trips each way per day, and will not need to carry anything more destructive than a toy pistol.

THE ELECTIONS.

Neither Democrats nor Republicans find much in the result of the State elections of Tuesday to hurrah about. In one or two States the Democrats have done better than they expected, and in others not so well as they hoped to do. The better element of both parties can rejoice at the defeat of Butler in Massachusetts and at the death-blow dealt to Boss Mahone in Virginia.

The returns from New York are yet incomplete, but indicate the election of Carr, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, by 15,000 majority. Maynard, the Democratic candidate, fell largely behind the rest of his ticket, owing to his prohibition record. The rest of the Democratic State ticket is elected. The Republicans will have a majority of six to eight in the State Senate. The next Assembly will stand seventy-two Republicans and fifty-six Democrats.

In New Jersey, the Democrats have elected Abbett Governor by a majority that the complete returns may send up to 7,000, and they will control the Legislature on joint ballot by a majority of five. This is a Democratic loss of one from last year.

Massachusetts has said that Benjamin F. must move out of the State House. Robinson's plurality over Butler will exceed 10,000. Butler says, "after the smoke of battle has cleared away he will probably analyze the vote and then have something to say about it." Boston did not come to his support with the strength he expected.

The Republicans have elected their State ticket in Pennsylvania by about 15,000 majority. There is a falling off in the Greenback vote and an increase in the Prohibition vote. In Philadelphia all four of the nominees on the Republican ticket for county offices were elected by majorities ranging from 1,171 to 21,249.

The result in Virginia is an overwhelming defeat for Mahone. The Democrats have both branches of the Legislature by large majorities. Mahone used every means to bring out the negro vote and inflame that race against the Democrats, and the result is that he has lost heavily in the white counties. Virginia has said emphatically that Mahone and his satelites must go.

In Maryland the Democrats have elected McLane, for Governor, by about 12,000 majority. The Democratic majority in the Legislature is slightly reduced. In Cecil county the Democratic majority on the State ticket is about 450. The Republicans have elected William J. Smith sheriff, by about 300 majority. T. Jeff Scott, the Democratic candidate for sheriff, was badly cut. In Kent county the Republicans have elected Burchinal, for State Senate, over Usilton, by eleven majority. They have also elected their candidate for sheriff and one county commissioner.

Connecticut shows a Republican plurality on the popular vote of about 5,000. The Republican majority in the Legislature on joint ballot will be about sixty.

Minnesota has given a slightly reduced Republican majority. Nebraska's Republican majority will reach 5,000. Mississippi is Democratic by about the usual majority.

"Trifles Light as Air."

In the matrimonial partnership, man is often the silenced partner.

General Sherman would rather kiss a sweet girl graduate than be President. And General Sherman is a man of sense by a large majority.

There is said to be "honor among thieves;" and yet a Florida hotel keeper was robbed of a thousand dollars by burglars the other night.

The "laying on of hands cure" is not the failure some persons believe it to be. Many a wise and excellent mother has used it with great success in the treatment of a refractory offspring.

"We have more respect for Satan than for many modern good men, for we know what to expect of the old fellow," says the *Whitehall Times*. You know he will receive you with warmth, anyway.

It seems that President Arthur neglected to say in his Thanksgiving proclamation that the year now drawing to a close has been a mighty good one for trout fishing. Very often, no doubt, a President finds, after he gets something in print, that he has left all the interesting part of it out. It is the same way with an editor.

An exchange says that a "serious" of theatricals and lectures are to be given in the town in which it is printed. It is the "serious"-ness of theatricals and lectures that occasionally makes an audience so demonstrative that the manager and lecturer think it advisable to climb out the back window of the hall and slide down the lightning rod.

Bill Nye will soon make another effort to reduce crime and have the world better by issuing a new funny book under the title of "Baled Hay." Bill has been for two years an invalid with his system full of quinine, opium, syrup of squills, magnesia, belladonna, epsom salts, castor oil, blue pills, nux vomica, rhubarb, tincture of iron, oil of vitriol, health food and condensed beef, and his book ought to be a good deal funnier than the average funny book.

"So we are defeated," said Mrs. William Henry Brown to Mr. William Henry Brown, at the breakfast table, the morning after the election. "Yes, it does seem that way," replied William Henry. "And you spent three hundred dollars in the campaign?" "Yes, I'm afraid I did." "And I won't be called Mrs. Senator Brown, now?" "No, I guess not." "Then we are out of politics, William Henry." "But my dear there will be a change——" Don't mention change to me, William Henry. "I say we are out of politics." And they are.

The congregation in the grocery store were telling one another what wonderful men their fathers were. "Yes," said the man on the soap box, suddenly showing a lively interest in the conversation, "pride of birth is a good thing. I always admire it. It is highly commendable. Thieves may rob you of wealth but they can't steal the blood of your lineage. Now, my father didn't leave me anything but his good name and a pair of boots that were a little too big for me, but I've always been proud of being his son." "What did your father ever do?" asked the man on the mackerel barrel. "What did he ever do?" answered the man on the soap box, "why he was the best judge of whiskey in the county."

It is said that Mark Twain and W. D. Howells can't agree at all as to what shall go in their joint book of woe. "What shall we do with this?" said Mr. Howells, taking up a paper and reading a paragraph marked with a blue pencil: "The President has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation and the United States will soon be making war on Turkey." "That can't go in," said Twain, firmly. "I draw the line at that joke. When I was a child in long clothes that joke was going about on crutches and its teeth were falling out." "But it seems to be a pretty good one," said Howells; "I rather like it. There is a fresh New England flavor about it." "Don't care!" replied Twain, bringing his fist down on the table in a positive sort of way; "it can't go in. You may put in the joke about your bark being on the sea when your dog is overboard; you may put in a page from the Boston Business Directory; you may ask 'why did the cowslip?' you may even insert a paragraph from one of your own novels; but if you insist upon the United-States-about-to-make-war-on-Turkey-joke, you will assume the entire responsibility of this book of woe. I have spoken my spoke."

Items.

THEODORE F. RANDOLPH, ex-U. S. Senator from New Jersey, died on Wednesday morning at his residence in Moorestown, in that State. He was in the 58th year of his age.

A TORNADO visited Springfield, Missouri, Monday afternoon, damaging or destroying about one hundred houses in the northern part of the city. Seven persons were killed and over thirty injured.

AT Luling, Texas, on Tuesday night, one hundred armed and masked men surrounded the house of John L. Martin, who was under guard on confession of having murdered his wife, took him him out and hanged him from a neighboring tree.

IMMENSE AMOUNT OF GRATUITOUS ADVERTISING.—The Postmaster-General of the United States seems to have been persuaded by the friends of The Louisiana State Lottery Company to enter upon a seeming crusade against this widely and favorably known beneficial, as well as benevolent, institution. The New York *World* of Sunday, Sept. 23d, alludes to the benefits flowing to the management, and intimates that Col. Gresham, the Postmaster-General, seems to be widely spreading the information that no one can assail the integrity of The Louisiana State Lottery, and the only thing to do is to communicate prior to Nov. 13th (next drawing day, the 162d) with M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., who will give all information.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES, JR.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Amber,	1 11@0 00	Yellow,	00@46
Timothy Seed	2 50	White, "	00@45
Clover Seed, ₱ lb	@7c	Oats,	00@30

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

Eggs, ₱ doz.	00@30c	Chickens,	12@13
Butter, ₱ lb	00@25c	Potatoes, bas	00@35
Lard, ₱ lb	11@12c		

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Prime red,	1 09@1 10	Yellow, -	56@60
Timothy Seed,	3 50	White, -	56@60
Clover Seed, ₱ lb	13¼ 15c	Oats (Dela're)	36@38

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Good to amb.	1 13@1 16	White,	48@52
OATS—		Yellow,	34@45
Southern,	33@38	Rye, -	64@66

Special Notices.

FUR TRIMMINGS—Black, Pointed and Gray—one to three inches, at W. H. MOORE & Co's.

WE HAVE just received a lot of Plain and Lace Linen Buntings and Antique Lace for Curtains, at low figures. W. H. MOORE & Co.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.—The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

New Advertisements.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S **TONIC**, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, **PARKER'S TONIC** is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such wide-spread suffering.

Please observe: **Dr. PARKER'S TONIC** is *not an intoxicant* It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes; 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. Hiscox & Co., Chemists, New York.

Teachers' Institute!

New Castle County, Del.

THE NINTH ANNUAL SESSION OF THE Teachers' Institute of New Castle county will be held at Middletown, commencing Wednesday afternoon, November 21st, and closing Saturday morning, November 24th. A varied and interesting program has been prepared for the occasion, including addresses by prominent educators. Teachers, friends of education and the public generally are cordially invited to be present.

T. N. WILLIAMS,
H. C. CARPENTER,
nov.9-2t *Superintendents.*

NOTICE!

THE undersigned will open in the Town Hall, Middletown, Del., on Friday evening, November 16th, to be continued every Tuesday and Friday evening during the season, A DANCING SCHOOL for Ladies and Gentlemen. All Plain and Fancy Dances will be taught. Music will be furnished by Professor George W. Price. Hours of instruction from eight to ten P. M. Pupils will be received at any time during season.

WYATT & BRATTON,
nov.9-4t* of Wilmington, Del.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT, NEW CASTLE COUNTY.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate.

By virtue of a renewed order of the Orphans' Court of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle county, made at the September Term, A. D. 1883, of said court, will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises, in Odessa,

On SATURDAY, Nov. 10th, 1883,

At 2½ o'clock P. M.,

The following described Real Estate being the property of DANIEL STEVENS, deceased, as follows:

All that certain lot of land, with a Store and Dwelling-house and other out-buildings thereon erected, situate in the town of Odessa aforesaid, bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at a corner on High street and the Wilmington road, thence with said road forty and one-half degrees east one hundred and sixty feet to a twenty foot alley, thence down said alley south forty-nine and one-half degrees east eighty feet to the corner of the lot of Samuel M. Enos, thence with the line of said Enos south forty and one-half degrees, west one hundred and sixty feet to High street, thence up said High street forty-nine and one-half degrees west eighty feet to the place of beginning, containing twelve thousand eight hundred square feet of land, be the same more or less.

☞ Attendance will be given and terms made known at the time and place aforesaid by

EDMUND S. STEVENS,
WILLIAM M. STEVENS,
Administrators,
Or, by LORE & EMMONS, their Attorneys.
Attest, J. M. HOUSMAN,
Clerk Orphans' Court.
oct.19-ts

Middletown Advertisements.

A FEW REMARKS
—FROM—
S. M. Reynolds & Co.

Our Ladies' Coats, Jackets and Dolmans are very pretty and the fits are superb. Most of our purchases this year were made from a Chestnut street importer, who imports them direct from Berlin, Germany, and they are all made by men tailors. The balance of our purchases will be in stock by next week. We will have them in sizes for Children and Misses, from 4 years to 16 years of age; prices from $2.50 upwards.

THIS COOL WEATHER

Creates a demand for Woolen Wear. We have them in Nubias, Hoods, Jackets, Hug-me-tights, Jerseys, Leggings, Mitts, &c., &c.

Ladies' Mousquetaire Kid Gloves, in colors and black, 6 Button lengths and 5 hooks, from $1.00 to $1.60, guaranteed if the right size is ordered.

Our stock of Gloves and Gauntlets, of all kinds—Kid, Buckskin, Sheepskin, Cloth, Lisle,—lined and unlined,—cost us over $1,000, and embrace the best assortment of any house south of Wilmington, on the Peninsula.

WE SELL

A nice, soft all-wool, fleecy white Blanket, 10-4 @ $5.00; 11-4 @ $7.00.—We also have in stock from the great blanket sales in New York, white blankets from $1.75 to $4.50; Brown and Silver-grey Blankets, $2.25 to $3.25; Bed Comfortables, from $1.35 to $2.00; also Lap Blankets and Horse Blankets from $1.00 upwards.

WHEN WE COMMENCE

To write about our Clothing, we would like to have the 16 columns of the TRANSCRIPT to describe the stock and prices, but as our space is limited, we will only say we have the whole of our large second story dry goods building filled with Clothing for Children, Boys, Youths, Young Men and Old Men,—all sizes and prices. The overcoats for the little folks will please them and their mothers, and satisfy the fathers in regard to prices, and there will be no necessity for the youngest boy wearing out the clothes of the older brothers, as prices are low enough to buy him new clothes.

ALL WOOL CASHMERES,

In black, dark brown, myrtle green, dark garnet, cardinal, scarlet, from 50 to 75 cts. Langtry Twills and Gerster Cloth, in all the new colors, at 25 cts. Half-wool Cashmeres, new shades, at 12½ to 15 cts. A. Guinet's Black Silks are recommended by all the leading merchants of New York and Philadelphia as the best makes in the market. We have them in several different qualities, and at the same prices as sold by the New York and Philadelphia dealers, viz: $1.00, $1.10, $1.20 to $1.70.

FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS,

We have Silks and Satins in navy and light blue, white, scarlet, pink, cardinal, brown, steel, dark green, plum and bronze. Also, Fur and Cat-tail Trimmings and Plush, in navy blue, garnet, brown, bronze, black and dark green. Gimps, Beaded and Chenille Fringes, Black Esquiral Lace, Black and Colored Velvets, 60, 65, $1.00, $1.62 and $1.85, and a very wide velvet at $2.70. Buttons in profusion.

A splendid Shaker Flannel, for Ladies' skirts, part cotton, to prevent shrinkage, at 36 cts., also several qualities of red, blue and white Flannels, from 25 cts. upwards. Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hosiery and Underwear in great assortment. Balmoral Skirts in the best colors.

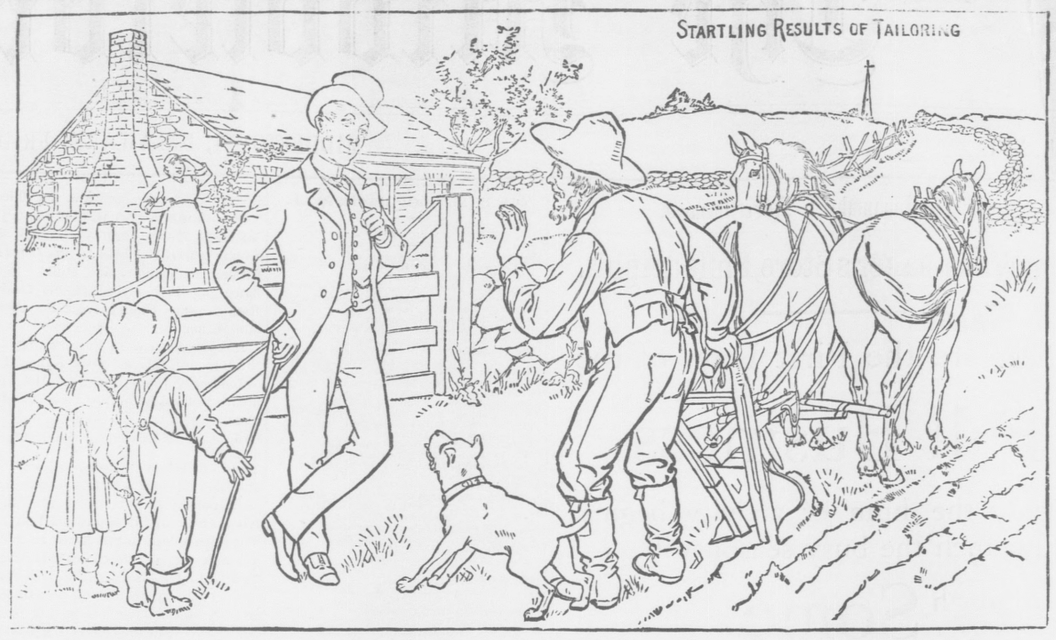
A NEW ASSORTMENT

of Square Shawls from $1.00 upwards, and Long Shawls from $3.50 upwards. Our stock of Ladies', Misses', Children's, Infants' Shoes embrace all the best and sensible styles in the market. We do not buy every foolish style that comes on the market.

We intended saying something about Mr. T. E. Hurn's Department, but when called on for information he reports that he is too busy to talk much. Says he and his six assistant sewers are very busy, and he wants two more coat makers immediately.

To be continued next week.

Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall Advertisement.



The Clothing Business of the Period.

The demand is for a great stock, for novel styles, for finer workmanship, for better finish. The day has passed in which mere goodness will do in a clothing stock. It must unite goodness with bigness, variety with style, and top all with economy. If Oak Hall did not do *all* this in the strongest and best way we could not claim your business. We *do* offer you the biggest, best, and cheapest retail clothing stock in the United States, and we simply want to tell you that it will not pay you to go elsewhere for your winter outfit. If you do not propose to visit Philadelphia, send for our new catalogue.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

Oak Hall,

South-East Corner Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

J. E. TYGERT, President. W. G. PIERCE, Secretary and Treasurer. H. S. TYGERT Gen'l Manager.

Peninsular Bone Fertilizer Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STAR BONE TRADE MARK **PHOSPHATE,**

THE LEADING BONE PHOSPHATE IN THE MARKET.
RELIABLE AND THOROUGHLY ESTABLISHED.

PLANET BRAND PLANET TRADE MARK BRAND **PHOSPHATE,**

COMPANION TO "STAR BONE," DIFFERS ONLY IN ANALYSIS, AND CORRESPONDINGLY LOW IN PRICE.

It is intended to make the "Planet" a leading brand with "Star Bone."

PENINSULAR BONE FERTILIZER CO.,
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in
Fertilizers and Fertilizer Supplies,
SMYRNA, DELAWARE.

CIRCULARS CONTAINING TESTIMONIALS, &c., SENT ON APPLICATION. july6-tf.

J. F. McWHORTER,
Grain Com'n. Merchant,

AND DEALER IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,
STOREROOM IN COCHRAN BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

The Middletown Agency for the following well tried Agricultural Implements:—

THE DEERING SELF-BINDING HARVESTER!

THE OLDEST SELF-BINDER, and one that has never failed. Gave entire satisfaction last season to all who tried it. SIZES—6, 7 and 8 feet.

Edmonston & Waddell Sulky Cultivator,
Over 100 sold in this neighborhood this year.

One-horse Iron-edge Cultivators; the Syracuse and South Bend Plows; also, extras including.

Solid SLIP SHARE FOR ALL PLOWS, (exclusive agency for Middletown and vicinity).
VANWINKLE GRAIN FAN AND PENNOCK CORN SHELLER,
THOMPSON HORSE RAKE, 5 feet Wheel, cannot be excelled for bunching and raking;

☞ Rubber and Leather Belting, and Rubber Hose, of all styles furnished cheap.
☞ Farmers who purchase machines of me will find them to be as represented.
☞ N. B.—AGENTS FOR GILL & FISHER, EUROPEAN SHIPPERS, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE.
☞ Grain Wanted at all times. Mch16-tf.

WEST & CARROLL!

BARR'S OLD STAND. ESTABLISHED 1844.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS!

PERFUMERY, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, FINE SOAPS, BRUSHES, PATENT MEDICINES, AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES GENERALLY.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

☞ The *Prescription Department* will be under the care of Dr. Carroll.

BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS ALWAYS ON HAND. dec.15-tf.

CARPETS! CARPETS!! CARPETS!!!

323 PAYNE G. GREEN, 323
NORTH SECOND STREET.

I have now in stock a large assortment of New Fall Goods, consisting of all the latest styles and colorings.

All-Wool Ingrain Carpets, 60 to 75c. Tapestry Brussels, 65c., 85c., $1, $1.10. Ingrains, 35c., 40c. and 50c. Our 50-cent Ingrains furnish as well as $1 Carpets. Window Shades, Ready to Hang, 50 cents each.

☞ SAMPLES OF GOODS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. ☜

PAYNE G. GREEN, 323 North Second Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Oct.6-3m

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

DELAWARE

WHEAT **GROWER,**

SOLUBLE BONE AND POTASH!

—AND—

DELAWARE SOLUBLE BONE!

The Greatest Wheat Producers in the Market.

Manufactured by ***PARVIS & BIGGS,***

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Read the Following Testimonials:

MT. PLEASANT, DEL., June 26th, 1883.

MESSRS. PARVIS & BIGGS:—In answer to you about the Phosphate I bought of you last fall, will say I used the Wheat Grower at the rate of 240 lbs., and it has given me grand results, and think my crop will average about 25 bushels. Its drilling condition was first-class. I consider it a No. 1 fertilizer, and will use it again this fall. JOSEPH STEVENS.

MILLINGTON, MD., July 20th, 1883.

MESSRS. PARVIS & BIGGS—*Dear Sirs:*—This is to say that I, last fall, used the Delaware Wheat Grower on my wheat, and it has produced for me a fine crop. I have threshed my wheat and got 25 bushels per acre from my entire crop. G. H. STAATS.

TAYLOR'S BRIDGE, DEL., July 16th, 1883.

MESSRS. PARVIS & BIGGS:—I used two and one-half tons of your Delaware Wheat Grower against two other brands of fertilizers last fall, and it gave me more satisfaction than any I used. I shall use it entirely this fall. Yours respectfully, R. H. ARMSTRONG.

RED LION, DEL., July 16th, 1883.

MESSRS. PARVIS & BIGGS—*Dear Sirs:*—I used the Wheat Grower purchased of you last fall and it gave me excellent results. I have threshed my wheat and it averaged me 30 bushels per acre, weighing 63 pounds to the bushel. Without phosphate I could not have gotten more than 15 bushels to the acre. My grass is most excellent.

Yours, SAMUEL ROBERTS.

Diamond State Super Phosphate.

DIAMOND STATE SOLUBLE BONE,

Peach Tree Super Phosphate,

SUGAR BEET PHOSPHATE, TRUXILLO GUANO,

MANUFACTURED BY LORD & POLK.

IMPORTERS OF POTASH,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fertilizing Materials Generally.

OFFICES: { ODESSA AND MIDDLETOWN, DEL., No. 2 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. mar.27-tf.

Oysters! Oysters!!

I shall now keep constantly on hand the best Oysters that can be found in market.

Morris River Cove Plants,
FOR PLATING AND FRYING;
Tangier Sounds,
AND
Johnson's Bays,
FOR STEWING AND GENERAL FAMILY USE.

☞ Prices as low as can be found elsewhere

So much for the Oyster side of the house.

The other side is devoted to

CONFECTIONS,
OF THE FINEST QUALITY;

Also, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND NUTS. CAKES, CRACKERS, ETC., ETC.

E. B. RICE, Agt.
Sept. 28-tf. Middletown, Del.

The Transcript

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Two Dollars a Year; One Dollar for Six Months payable in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Eight cents a line for first insertion; Four cents a line for each additional insertion. One inch of space counted as twelve lines. Standing advertisements at special rates. Business Gossip notices, Ten cents a line each insertion. Obituaries and Tributes of Respect, Five cents a line. No advertisements inserted among reading matter. ☞ No free advertising.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 9, 1883.

DELAWARE R. R.—TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLETOWN.

GOING NORTH:

7.55 A. M.	9.30 A. M.	11.42 A. M.	5.03 P. M.

GOING SOUTH:

10.11 A. M.	2.14 P. M.	4.42 P. M.	7.30 P. M.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Town Notes.

— The new comet seems to be lost, strayed or stolen.

— Biggs, Clayton & Co., the Middletown canners, are packing plum pudding.

— Seemingly Middletown folks took but little interest in election news on Tuesday.

— The Rev. W. C. Alexander will preach next Sunday morning in Forest Presbyterian Church on Luther and the Reformation.

— George W. Polk, of Odessa, was on Saturday elected a director of the People's National Bank of Middletown, in place of William Green, who recently resigned.

— Wyatt and Bratton, of Wilmington, have leased the Town Hall to give a course of instruction in dancing during the winter, beginning Friday evening of next week.

— The Rev. S. H. Griffith, of Philadelphia, who preached at St. Anne's P. E. Church on Sunday last, will conduct the services at the same church on next Sunday.

— Exhibitors who have not received orders for premiums awarded to them at the late Peninsular Fair at Middletown can get them at the office of the corresponding secretary.

— A fine new pipe organ that cost upwards of $1,000 was placed in St. Annes P. E. Church this week. Prof. Hewitt, of Philadelphia, will perform on it at the services next Sunday.

— Orders for reduced fare to the annual convention of Delaware W. C. T. U., at Laurel, on the 13th, 14th and 15th instants should be sent to Mrs. Mary L. Cox, corresponding secretary, Middletown.

— A part of the real estate of the late Daniel Stevens, at Odessa, will be offered at public sale on the premises, by the administrators, to-morrow afternoon. The property is advertised in the TRANSCRIPT.

— A number of Middletown folks went to Smyrna on Tuesday evening to see the oratorio of Queen Esther, rendered by local talent under the direction of Professor Wyatt, and were pleased with the rendition in every respect.

— The law requiring children attending the public schools to be vaccinated has been generally complied with in Middletown. The Board of Education did not appoint a vaccine physician because it did not appear to them that the services of one were required here.

— It is estimated that Middletown's two fruit dryeries and cannery paid out $7,000 for labor during the past season. Biggs, Clayton & Co., paid out about $5,000 of this sum, at their cannery, the most of which was spent among the merchants and tradespeople of Middletown.

— The stores and shops are purchasing heavy stocks of holiday goods, and the display, when it is in full bloom, will probably far surpass that of last season. There is going to be very lively competition among the Middletown tradespeople in this matterof holiday wares.

— The fourth entertainment under the auspices of the Middletown Lyceum committee will probably be by the Redpath Concert Company, of Boston, a famous musical organization. The committe is endeavoring to engage this company for a date in the third week of January.

— Middletown's building record of this year will not be up to that of last year and the year before, but the few buildings now in course of erection will be, when finished, among the handsomest in the town. It seems probable that building operations will be very lively next year.

— It is said that the cloth peddlers referred to in this column last week have been hawking the paper of Cecil county farmers about in Middletown, offering it at a heavy discount. If the half we hear about these peddlers be true, farmers ought to meet them at the gate and caress them with a club about six feet long.

— Dr. J. G. Carroll, McComb Clayton and Eugene Clayton spent a day or two of last week shooting on the Susquehanna Flats and returned on Saturday evening with upwards of a hundred canvas-back and red-hed ducks. They killed about 125 ducks during their expedition but a few were lost on account of rough water.

— The Levy Court Commissioner of St. Georges hundred has given notice that repairs will be begun on Drawyer's bridge, on the State road, Monday next. The abutments of the structure are giving way and it is probable that the work of repair will not be finished far enough for the bridge to be passable within ten days.

— In his lecture on Wednesday evening Mr. Burdette will tell his audience how they may all be humorists and draw a large salary on a newspaper and receive more offers than they want, to go around the country and lecture at $100 a night. It is as simple as can be after it is explained. You will wonder why you never thought of it before.

— A list of letters remaining in the post-office at Middletown, Delaware, for the week ending Nov. 8, 1883: Miss Frances Bard, Thos. Reese Boyer, Perry Brown, Moses Clayville, Mrs. Cordaley, Harvy Collins, E. E. Dulin, H. C. Carpenter, Miss. Bertie Johnson, Adam Nagle, 2; John N. Tomlinson. Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised.

— An exchange says "there are many persons, who, in looking into a newspaper, read nothing but locals, marriages and deaths, and who utterly fail to read the outside of the paper where may be found the most interesting and useful reading of the entire sheet." The editor must have a mighty poor opinion of his own work. He ought to endeavor to make what he writes himself more interesting and useful than what he cuts out with his scissors.

— Postmaster Dunning reports no falling off in receipts at the Middletown post-office as the result of two-cent postage. The stamp sales during October were heavier than in July or August but not quite so heavy as in September. September, however, on account of the peaches and Fair, is usually a month of heavy receipts at the Middletown post-office. The sales of postal cards have decreased since the three sent stamp took its hat and walked out. This is one of the expected results of two-cent postage. There will be more letters and fewer postal cards.

— A goodly number of tickets for the Burdette lecture on Wednesday evening of next week have been already sold. Those who want a choice of seats should not delay the purchase of tickets beyond Monday or Tuesday at farthest. It is probable that upwards of a hundred seats will be sold by to-morrow night. Tickets for this lecture, and also season tickets for the Lyceum Course, are on sale at the post-office. A plan of the hall may be seen there and you can have your choice of unsold seats without paying anything above the regular rate of admission.

County.

— The railroad bridge across the Chesapeake and Delaware canal has been partly rebuilt and put in thorough repair.

— William A. Hukill, of Pencader hundred, has announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination of Sheriff.

— The barn and contents of the Casho Machine Company farm, near Newark, were entirely destroyed by fire last Friday afternoon.

— The "Hare and Morgan Company," organized with a capital of $100,000 for the manufacture of bolts, nuts, washers, rods and machinery, at Wilmington, has been chartered.

— The slippery Ned Cassidy, who escaped from an officer while being taken to jail last week, was again captured on Saturday morning and is now behind the bars at New Castle.

— J. S. M. Neill of Helena, Montana, was married on Wednesday to Maggie G. Evans, daughter of George G. Evans of Newark. The ceremony was performed in the First Presbyterian Church by the Rev. J. A. Malone.

— The Rev. J. L. Vallandigham, D. D., of Newark, has been appointed to prepare historical sketches of several of the oldest Presbyterian Churches on the Peninsula, to be read at the Baltimore Presbyterial centennial three years' hence.

— Port Penn badly needs a new school building. The one in use is very discreditable to the district. The school is well attended. It is in charge of Miss Ida Howell, a graduate of the Middletown Public school and an excellent teacher.

State.

— Edgar R. Sipple has been appointed Lost Freight Agent on the Delaware railroad, with headquarters at Clayton.

— John C. Bailey has sold the "Short's Landing farm," containing 750 acres of upland and marsh, to J. W. Isenberg, of Pennsylvania, for $6,000.

— The Milford *News* says that thirty new houses have been erectad there this season, and the population has increased about one hundred and fifty.

— During the services at Union Church, near Blackbird, last Sunday evening, eight buffalo robes were stolen from the carriages of the congregation.

— Charles E. Smith, of the Philadelphia *Press*, and Professor W. H. Purnell have been added to the lecture course to be given at Smyrna this season.

— It is rumored that the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad Company have sold their interest in the lower Peninsula to the Pennsylvania company for $200,000.

— Thomas J. Walters, who has been running as express messenger between Philadelphia and Wyoming, was discharged on Friday for carrying a package past its destination.

— A promising young man from cultured Boston worked himself into the good graces of some social Smyrna folks, borrowed their money and then folded his tent like the Arab and silently skipped away.

— The good and unsuspecting inhabitants of Georgetown, Bridgeville and other Sussex towns and villages have recently been grossly cheated by smooth-tongued and guileless-appearing tea peddlers. It is the old "premium" dodge, by which the ignorant are induced to pay two dollars for a pound of tea worth about fifty cents a bushel, by the promise of a "prize" of a cabinet organ or piece of furniture "to be delivered in a day or two."

Maryland Matters.

— The house and furniture of Mrs. Rachael West, near Ingleside, Queen Anne's county, was burned on Thursday of last week.

— A festival, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Francis Xavier Church, will be held at Warwick on November 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. The receipts are to go to the repair fund of the church.

— John H. Hessey, of Cecil county, realized a thousand dollars this year from a pear orchard of four acres. His fruit consisted principally of Dutchess, Howell and Lawrence, and sold in Philadelphia from 70 cents to $1 a basket.

— The Ebenezer M. E. Church, near Ruthsburg, Queen Anne's county, was dedicated on Sunday. It is a handsome building, and cost about $3,500, all of which was pledged before the day of opening. The Rev. Mr. Otis, of Odessa, assisted at the dedication.

— Isaac S. Lankford, judge of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county and a prominent Republican, was found dead along the road, about a mile from his home on Sunday. He had addressed a Republican meeting on Saturday night and afterwards started to walk home. He is believed to have died of heart disease.

Personal.

— Mrs. P. R. Corson, of Canada, is visiting relatives in Middletown.

— Mrs. T. E. Martindale and Mrs. Mary L. Cox returned from Detroit Thursday evening.

— Miss Jennie S. Wright, who has for several years taught the public school at Armstrong's, will in a few days give up that school and go to Boston to take a course of instruction in vocal and instrumental music at the New England Conservatory. Miss Wright is an excellent teacher and her "administration" at Armstrongs's has been very profitable to her pupils. After a short vacation, Miss Mary Budd, of Middletown, another excellent teacher graduated from the Middletown schools, will take charge of the Armstrongs school.

Corner Stone to be Laid.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Catholic Church now being built in Middletown will take place on Sunday, November 18th, at ten o'clock in the morning. The Rev. Father Murphy, President of Gongaga College, Washington, D. C., will lay the corner stone and will deliver a sermon in the Town Hall. On Monday evening, November 19th, Father Murphy will deliver in the Hall a lecture on "The Open Bible," to which the public is invited. We are assured that he is a very eloquent speaker and handles his subject in a way that can offend no one. He will no doubt have the pleasure of addressing a large audience.

Middletown M. E. Church.

In the Middletown M. E. Church on Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock will be held a quarterly Love Feast, and at 10.30 the pastor will preach a sermon in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, the great Reformer. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock Sabbath school, and in the evening at 7 o'clock preaching by the Rev. T. E. Martindale, Presiding Elder of the Easton District. On Monday at 10 A. M. the third Quarterly Conference of this year will be held.

Irving Lyceum.

Upwards of seventy persons, about half of them members, attended the public meeting of Irving Lyceum on Monday evening. The question, "Are agricultural fairs beneficial to a community?" was debated for about an hour, the discussion seeming to be very entertaining to the audience. Dr. W. F. Kennedy, J. Thomas Budd and J. F. Deakyne supported the affirmative side of the question, and Rev. Mr. Alexander and W. P. Biggs put in the blows for the negative. Mr. Biggs made two lively speeches. The affirmative seemed to make the more good points, but, according to the custom of the Lyceum, no decision was rendered on the question. Before the debate T. W. Bucke read a humorous selection that made a good many of the audience smile out loud. Very pleasing instrumental selections were rendered by several young ladies. The meeting was the most pleasant that has yet been held this season, and the members of the society were much delighted to have so many of their outside friends with them. Another discussion will be arranged for the public meeting in December, the question for which will be announced in the course of a week or two. The Irving Lyceum has started out well for this, its fourth season, and is likely to flourish through the coming winter and do good to all who seek its benefits. Several valuable members have been recently received, and we hear of many others who are coming in. The young folks, especially, are taking an interest in its work, and this is as it should be, for it is the young who will receive the greater benefit of such an institution as the Irving Lyceum. At the regular meeting on Monday evening next the society will take up the study of English literature in the Elizabethan period. The meetings this season, we learn, are to be less formal than in the past, and, except the monthly public meetings, are to be conducted more for instruction than entertainment.

Burdette.

It will not do any harm to tell the readers of the TRANSCRIPT once more that Mr. R. J. Burdette, the genial and popular humorist whose pen-productions you have often read and heartily enjoyed, and who lectured himself into the hearts of a hall full of our good folks last April, is coming back next Wednesday with a lecture that you haven't heard. The "Pilgrimage of the Funny Man" is said by those who have heard all Mr. Burdett's lectures to be his finest platform effort. Like the "Rise and Fall of the Mustache," it is neither all funny nor all pathetic. There is a slice of humor for you and then a slice of something that will make you wipe a couple of tears about the size of a shellbark out of your eyes and then glance around to see if the congregation are looking at you. This is one of the striking peculiarities about the little pieces that Mr. Burdette speaks to you. One moment he makes you feel awfully sorry about something and just as you are thinking you would cry if you weren't ashamed, he lets loose a joke that hits you fair and square and makes you laugh till you haven't got any more strength than a dish-rag, and for a whole minute you don't care whether the comet of 1812 strikes the earth this year or the next or indefinitely postpones the collision on account of the weather. If you would hear pure, refined, unadulterated and original humor, fresh from the cow—if you would forget for ninety minutes the trials, tribulations and vexations of spirit that come to all of us now and then—if you would enjoy a good healthful laugh that will make you feel coltish for four or five days, go and hear the "Pilgrimage of the Funny Man" on Wednesday evening. You will not find a tiresome sentence in it, and you will go home wishing you could hear it over again the next night. All lectures with "Burdette" blown on the bottle are guaranteed by the TRANSCRIPT.

Teacher's Institute.

The ninth annual session of the Teacher's Institute for New Castle county will be held in the Town Hall, at Middletown, beginning Wednesday afternoon, November 21st and closing the following Saturday. An interesting and instructive program has been prepared, including addresses by notable educators. The State Superintendents of Public schools, in a notice elsewhere printed in our colums, invite teachers, friends of education and the public to attend the Institute. We believe that arangements have been made to entertain the teachers here in a homelike way. When the Institute was last held at Middletown in 1879, the sessions were very interesting and the hall was no more than large enough to hold the many who came to the evening lectures. There are about one hundred teachers in the county, nearly all of whom are expected to attend the Institute.

Congressman-elect Lore.

Charles B. Lore, Esq., Congressman-elect, will go to Washington about the first of December and upon the convening of Congress a few days after will be sworn in and take his seat as Delaware's representative. Mrs. Lore will spend the winter in Washington with her husband, and rooms for their accommodation have been engaged for the season. Mr. Lore still retains an active interest in the law firm of Lore & Emmons. Harry emmons, Esq., the junior partner, will remain in charge of the business During Mr. Lore's absence. With reference to the speakesship of the House, Mr. Lore said to an *Every Evening* representative this morning that he did not know for whom he would vote, and as he had never told any one; statements as to whom he would support for the place were purely imaginary.—*Every Evening.*

Railroad Excursions to Florida.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company makes the announcement that round-trip tickets to Jacksonville, Florida, have been placed on sale at the principal stations and city offices on their system. These tickets permit purchasers to use them for the return trip at any time prior to May 31, 1884. The use of same, both going and returning, is subject to certain restrictions, the particulars of which may be had of ticket agents, who will also give information as to trains and Pullman service. The rate for the entire round trip from Wilmington is only $45. It is not what it costs to go to and come from Florida but what it costs to stay there that hurts. It is said there are great hopes for the sick person who can stand the shock of the first week's board bill.

The Recordership.

The friends of Mr. Holcomb, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Smith, Mr. Barlow and other candidates for the office of Recorder for New Castle county are actively at work in the interest of the men they are supporting. One or two delegations have called upon Governor Stockley this week, and others will no doubt call upon him early next week. Mr. Holcomb's term of office will expire on Wednesday next. The appointment will be announced on that day.

The Tournament.

The Tournament yesterday on the Peninsular Fair ground in aid of the new Catholic Church was a very pleasant event but did not attract near so many people as might have been expected. There were certainly not more than 600 persons on the ground. It is evident that Tournaments will not draw on the Peninsula. A few years ago they were usually well attended but the novelty of the tilt has worn off. The gallant knight clothed in gandy garb charging down the course and poking his wooden lance through rings suspended from arches does not stir the enthusiasm of the spectators to any great extent. Peninsula folks are just a little bit too practical to care a great deal for that sort of fun. And yet the Tournament is a commendable sort of amusement and designed to improve in horsemanship those who take part in the tilt. The first notable Tournament held on the Peninsula was at Middletown eleven or twelve years ago. It was gotten up on a grand scale by the Knights of Pythias and attracted about 5,000 people. In the evening a ball that cost several hundred dollars was given in the Town Hall. Three or four Tournaments followed this in adjacent counties but they did not draw the people. Then the agricultural societies got at it and endeavored to make an attraction of the Tournament. It was tried at Dover and then at Elkton but failed to pay in both cases.

The following knights contested for the prizes and honors at the Tournament yesterday: L. C. Scott, Middletown, Knight of Delaware; John Price, Delaware City, Knight of Glen Allen; Timothy Divine, Warwick, Md., Knight of Bohemia; J. H. Quill, Hood's Mills, Md., Knight of the Silver Star; Thomas Sullivan, Warwick, Md., Knight of Limerick; D. C. Collins, Townsend, Knight of Huguenot; W. B. Stephens, Worton, Md., Knight of Scottish Chief, No. 1; Adam Diehl, Worton, Md., Knight of Scottish Chief, No. 2; B. F. Gibbs, Cecilton, Md., Knight of Old Dominion; Dallas Lore, Mt. Pleasant, Knight of Indiola; Frank Pierce, Middletown, Knight of Don Cæsar; Dr. W. F. Kennedy, Middletown, Knight of Agnadelle. All were tastefully clothed in knightly garb.

About eleven o'clock the knights formed on Green street, and led by Chief Marshal J. R. Hoffecker, the assistant marshals and pages and the Diamond State Cornet Band, marched through Broad, Main, Lake, Catherine and Wood streets, and then to the Fair ground. The procession moved in good order and was attractive. The tilting began at about one o'clock, after a neat little address by Hary Sharpley, Esq., of Wilmington. E. R. Cochran, George Derrickson and L. P. McDowell were the judges and made their decisions with strict impartiality. The distance run was 125 yards, which each knight was required to make in twelve seconds. If he failed to make time the rings he captured did not count. There were three rings and each knight had three tilts. Each ring captured counted one. The following is the score:

Knight of Delaware,	2	2	0
Knight of Glen Allen,	0	1	0
Knight of Bohemia,	2	2	1
Knight of Silver Star,	3	0	—
Knight of Limerick,	0	0	0
Knight of Huguenot,	1	1	2
Knight of Scottish Chief, No. 1,	3	3	3
Knight of Scottish Chief, No. 2,	3	2	2
Knight of Old Dominion,	1	2	3
Knight of Indiola,	3	2	3
Knight of Don Cæsar,	2	1	2
Knight of Agnadelle,	0	3	3

The knight of Glen Allen took three rings in the first tilt and two in the third but failed to make time in either. J. H. Quill, Knight of the Silver Star, took three rings in the second tilt but failed to make time. It seems the horse he rode was too slow. As he started in the third tilt a brother knight, at his request, attempted to give him a send off by cutting his horse sharply with a carriage whip. The horse did not take this as a joke, but, as it wasn't on the program, he got mad about it, "bucked" and kicked, and Mr. Quill went to the ground, striking upon his head and shoulders. He was unconscious for ten minutes and was thought by many to be dangerously hurt. When he revived he wanted to try the tilt over but was persuaded not to attempt it.—This knight is said to have been very successful in carrying off the honors at Tournaments, but here he labored under the disadvantage of not having his own horse. As will be seen by the score, William B. Stevens, Knight of Scottish Chief, No. 1, won the first prize, a set of harness; Dallas Lore, Knight of Indiola, the second prize, a saddle and bridle, and Adam Diehl, Knight of Scottish Chief, No. 2, the third prize, a lap robe. Miss Bessie Morton, of Middletown, was selected by Mr. Stephens as Queen of Love and Beauty, Mrs. J. F. Eliason, of Mount Pleasant, was Mr. Lore's choice for First Maid of Honor, and Miss Helen Morton, of Middletown, was chosen by Mr. Diehl as Second Maid of Honor. The crowning ceremonies took place in the grand stand, Mr. Sharpley making the customary remarks. The Diamond State Cornet Band played pleasing music during the intervals between the tilting. Those who were present seemed to be well pleased with the Tournament. It was creditably managed and ought to have attracted more people. The ladies served palatable lunch in the main exhibition building during the early hours of the afternoon.

Queen Esther at Smyrna.

The oratorio of "Queen Esther" was presented at the Smyrna Town Hall, by local talent under the direction of Professor D. P. Wyatt, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The sacred play was rendered in a manner highly creditable to the performers and director, and the audience were greatly delighted. Hundreds have asked that the oratorio be repeated and it will be again presented this evening. On Monday evening more than one hundred and fifty persons were turned away from the hall, unable to find even a place to stand. Miss Eva Carrow appeared in the role of the Persian Queen. The costumes were handsome and tasteful. We learn that Professor Wyatt intends to come to Middletown to endeavor to arrange for the production of the oratorio here and we hope he will succeed. He should have the hearty encouragement of our musical young folks.

Stonewall Sold.

The chestnut gelding Stonewall, which won the 2.24 class race at the recent Fair at Elkton, was sold on last Friday by his owner, Israel Rosenfelt, of Baltimore, to a horseman in Pennsylvania for $1,800. Stonewall is ten years old, 15½ hands high, weighs 900 pounds, and has a record of 2.24½. He has taken part in thirty-two races, twenty-two of which he won.—Stonewall was sired in Kent county, by Frank Pierce III, out of a Moscow mare, and has the reputation of being the fastest gelding born and reared in Maryland.—*Cecil County News.*

An Installation.

The installation of the Rev. T. C. Anderson will take place in the Pencader Presbyterian Church at Glasgow on next Wednesday evening. The Rev. W. W. Heberton will preside, the Rev. Dr. Heaton will preach the sermon and the Rev. J. L. Polk will deliver the charge to the congregation, and Prof. Mackey will charge the pastor.

Apples.

Apples are high now and will probably be higher after a while. A basket of fairly good apples costs sixty-five cents in Middletown. It seems there was a failure of the crop pretty much all around, this season, save in Oregon and Washington Territory, where there is a plenty and where you can buy good ones at about thirty cents a bushel. But it will not pay you to send there for them. Apples are a fine thing for the interior department of man and they should be eaten of freely during the winter season. A basket of them kept on tap in the house is better than a medicine chest. Appels don't keep well in a house where there are five or six children with good, honest, hard-working appetites, but it will pay you to keep the basket as nearly full as you can, and let the children run the campaign pretty much to suit themselves.

Roll of Honor.

WOODLAND SCHOOL, ARMSTRONG'S.

The following pupils have reached an average of 95 per cent. in attendance, deportment and rank in studies for the month of October: Mary Barnett, Emily Bennett, Missouri Sheridan, Willie Metten, Farrell Metten, John Ratledge, Howard Ratledge, Howard Crossland, Tommy Crossland.

DIED.

ROTHWELL.—In Appoquinimink hundred, on Friday, November 9th, Bessie B. Rothwell, daughter of J. M. Rothwell, aged ten years.

WE understand that seal-skin coats are going out of style, and in consequence, colds are increasing among the fair sex. How fortunate there is such a remedy as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Business Gossip.

LADIES' DRESS CLOTHS and Coatings in great variety, at W. H. MOORE & Co's.

THE BEST LINE of Black and Colored Silks on the Peninsula, at W. H. MOORE & Co's.

M. L. HARDCASTLE, the enterprising merchant in the Town Hall, has just received a large stock of seasonable goods that you ought to go and see.

WE *guarantee* both "Lucas'" and "Wadsworth's" Pure Lead and Oil Ready-Mixed Paints. No other Paints equal to these. Sold by G. E. HUKILL.

New Advertisements.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

BURDETTE!

Middletown Hall, Wednesday Even'g, Novem'r 14th.

THE POPULAR HUMORIST, R. J. BURDETTE,

In his greatest Lecture,

"Pilgrimage of the Funny Man,"

Under the auspices of the Middletown Lyceum Committee.

Admission, Adults, - 50 cents,

Children under 12 yrs., 25 cents.

SEASON TICKETS,

For Three Entertainments—R. J. BURDETTE, J. W. RILEY and HELEN POTTER—$1.25.

Purchasers of tickets can secure seats without extra charge up to noon of the day of entertainment.

☞ Single and Season Tickets for sale at the Middletown post-office, where a plan of the Hall may be seen. nov-2-2t

DROWNED IN BEER.

Concerning this Popular Beverage Two Men Express their Minds.

"The fact is sir, and you may stick a pin there, that the people of this country are likely to be drowned in a flood of lager beer," shouted an enthusiastic tectotaler the other day into the ear of your cornered correspondent. That German drink has struck us hard. It is the second deluge."

"Yes, and the worst of this beer-drinking business is that it gets up kidney troubles, as a heavy wind raises the waves," added a city physician, who had a knowledge of the times and a tendency to metaphor. "The midnight 'schooner' leaves behind it a wake of furred tongues, headaches, torpid livers, nausea, and all that, and lays the foundation of Bright's disease."

This melancholy fact accounts in part for the increasing sales of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which at once mitigates these symtoms. Price 25 cents. Ask your physician about it.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

Oysters! Oysters!!

OYSTERS by the gallon,

OYSTERS by the quart,

OYSTERS by the pint,

OYSTERS just as you want them.

Those Prime Chincoteagues

That you like so well always on hand. I make a specialty of supplying families with Oysters, and I solicit the trade of the public.

☞ OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE AT MY RESTAURANT.

A FULL STOCK OF FRESH CONFECTIONERY!

Foreign Fruits, &c., &c.

WILLIAM KATES, nov.9-tf Middletown, Del.

Christmas is Coming

IN A FEW DAYS I will receive a large and carefully selected stock of Toys, Dolls, Holiday Specialities for presents, and a full line of Whitman's Finest Confectionery.—Watch the TRANSCRIPT for my Christmas advertisement,

Mrs. J. W. MAKENS, Main St., East of Broad, nov.9-2t Middletown, Del.

Parties Having Wild Fowl

—AND OTHER—

FEATHERS

Can find a Cash Market for them

At PACK'S Mattress and Bedding Manufactory,

163, 165 and 167 North Second Street, nov.9-4t PHILADELPHIA.

NOTICE.

DRAWYER'S BRIDGE, on the State Road, will be off from Monday, November 12th, till further notice.

S. F. SHALLCROSS, nov.9-tf Levy Court Commissioner.

Miscellaneous Advert's.

NEW ORLEANS, August 1, 1883.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Investigate for Yourselves.

Postmaster-General Gresham having published a malicious statement in regard to the character of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prices paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Wescoat, Manager,	$1,366,200
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President,	463,900
Paid to State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President,	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President,	88,550
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier,	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank, E. L. Carriere, President,	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President,	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier,	37,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toby, Cashier,	13,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchell, Cashier,	8,200
Total paid as above, - - -	$2,253,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States,	$2,627,410
Total paid by all, - - - -	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

M. A. DAUPHIN, *President.*

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000 ☜ Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard. J. A. Early.

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS will take place monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1883—162d Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 TICKETS AT FIVE DOLLARS EACH

FRACTIONS, IN FIFTHS IN PROPORTION.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize,	$75,000
1 Capital Prize,	25,000
1 Capital Prize,	10,000
2 Prizes of 6,000	12,000
5 Prizes of 2,000	10,000
10 Prizes of 1,000	10,000
20 Prizes of 500,	10,000
100 Prizes of 200,	20,000
300 Prizes of 100,	30,000
500 Prizes of 50,	25,000
1,000 Prizes of 25,	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9 Approximation Prizes of $750	$6,750
9 Approximation Prizes of 500	4,500
9 Approximation Prizes of 250	2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to	$265,500

Applications for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

POSTAL NOTES and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of $5 and upwards by Express at our expense) to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.,

or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C. Oct 9-4t

PUBLIC SALE —OF— GROWING TIMBER.

The undersigned, as agent for Mrs. Ellen Wirt, will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House door, in the town of Elkton, Cecil county, Maryland,

On Tuesday, November 20th, 1883,

At 11 o'clock A. M.,

THE GROWING TIMBER on 37 Acres and 30 perches of land in the First Election District in said county. The Timber consists of White and Black Oak, Hickory, Chestnut, Walnut and Poplar; it is of good size, pretty thickly set, and is suitable for frame stuff, railroad ties, telegraph poles, pilling, &c. The land is level, offering no obstacle to make the cutting of the timber difficult. The location of the property is about two miles from the wharf at the county bridge across the Bohemia river and about four miles from Reybold's Wharf, on Elk river. The haul to the wharf is an easy one. Any person desiring to purchase will be shown the property by the undersigned, or by Mr. William Ward, residing on the farm.

TERMS OF SALE are as follows: One-fourth of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-fourth in six months, one-fourth in twelve months, and the remaining one-fourth in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security.

WILLIAM M. KNIGHT, nov.2-3t P. O. Cecilton, Md.

$300,000

Stock in The London and Westminster Investment Company of Ontario, organized to conduct business in the United States and Canada, is offered for subscription at Par, in amounts to suit investors. Shares $50 each, payable in instalments of $5 per share, per month, or in full at time of subscription. The business to be carried on in the United States is the purchase, *as an investment*, of agricultural products whenever the market price reaches a low level. Being able to pay for what is bought, no loss can occur. Although profits may not be as large as on speculation, they are more certain. A large advance in wheat expected. Special telegraphic communication with leading markets. Address at once, for full particulars, the Managing Director, EDWARD LERUEY, LONDON, CANADA.

WANTED—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country, and earn $6 to $12 per week, making goods for our Fall and Winter trade. Send 15c. for sample and particulars. HUDSON MFG. CO., 265 Sixth Ave., New York.

ADVERTISES, by addressing GEORGE P. ROWELL & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. ☞ 100-page Pamphlet, 10c. oct.26-4t

COMLY AND FLANIGEN,

PHILADELPHIA,

36 and 38 So. Front St.

Commission Merchants,

EVAPORATED FRUITS.

CANNED GOODS

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

HAVE YOU NOTICED

The regularity with which all merchants announce every season that they have the "Largest, best, finest and cheapest stock" in their line of business?

WE don't propose making any such assertions, but will merely say why we do propose selling you GROCERIES for as near fair exchange value as is possible to be done.

By buying only for Cash we are enabled to secure all goods at the lowest prices possible, and by doing a Cash business and avoiding all unnecessary expense, we can sell them for correspondingly low prices.

WE WOULD CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE

Fine Line of CANNED GOODS,

WE HAVE NOW FOR SALE.

☞ WATKIN'S PACKING CO'S. EARLY JUNE PEAS, TOMATOES, PUMPKINS, APPLES, BLACKBERRIES, GOOSEBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, AND WHORTLEBERRIES.

☞ BIGGS, CLAYTON & CO'S. PACK OF PEACHES, TOMATOES, APPLES, PUMPKINS, PLUM PUDDING.

Baker's Corn, Winslow's Corn, Mitchell's Corn.

CALIFORNIA PLUMS, APPRICOTS, PEACHES, DAMSONS, ETC., JOHNSON'S PACK OF BAHAMA PINEAPPLE. SUCCOTASH, STRING BEANS, LIMA BEANS, OAT MEAL—READY COOKED,

FISH:

SALMON, FRESH MACKEREL, SOUSED MACKEREL, LOBSTER, DEVILED CRABS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC SARDINES.

FARINACEOUS GOODS:

Leggett's Pure Raising Flour, Leggett's Buckwheat Flour, Leggett's Oat Flakes, Leggett's Wheat Flakes, Leggett's Cereal Flakes, Leggett's Granulated Rio Tapioca.

BALTIMORE BREAKFAST HOMINYS, MACARONI, EVAPORATED POTATOES.

We must mention COFFEES and TEAS,

For what is a Breakfast or Supper without a good cup of Coffee or Tea?

☞ We have in our stock some of the FINEST MARICABO, LAGUAYRA, RETOCA, JAVA AND RIO, both roasted and green; in 1 lb. papers we have all the leading brands:

ARBUCKLE'S "ARIOSA" AND "PORTOLA." F. H. LEGGETT & CO'S "LION" AND "TIGER" BRANDS. BARKLEY & HASSON'S "ENTERPRIS